

## Interview with Wallace Quarterman, Fort Frederica, St. Simons Island, Georgia, June 1935

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Wallace Quarterman: [*seems to quote religious text*] The Lord gave the whole earth my grace with thee.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Uh huh.

Wallace Quarterman: For them that do [*loud dog bark*] and trust my word he shall be saved. [*barking*] [*unintelligible*]. But he that won't believest [*shall go to hell (?)*] [*four barks*].

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Uh huh.

Wallace Quarterman: I make him great [*loud barking*] commission. Know that he is preach my gospel truth by all the work that him can do, that all the wonder I will do.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Uh huh.

Wallace Quarterman: You must teach all nation my command, I am with you until the world shall end. Well I think that's enough [*I had enough (?)*]. [*barking and yelping*]

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Uh humm. Okay.

Wallace Quarterman: Okay

[*short pause before Wallace Quarterman sings*]

### ***I Surrender***

Oh, let me come on i-in. I surrender, and open the door. Let me come in open up. Yeah, let me come i-inn. Oh, let me come i-i-i-innn. I surrender, yes open the door, and let me come in. I said baby don't you cry, mothers and father are born to die. I surrender [*recording gets stuck*]. Oh, let me come i-inn. I surrender and open the door and let me come in.

Wallace Quarterman: [*heavy cough, singing stops*] I can't sing much.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Humm. [*brief pause in recording*]

Wallace Quarterman: Born in 1844.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: What's your name sir?

Wallace Quarterman: Huh?

Mary Elizabeth Barnicle: What's your name?

Wallace Quarterman: My name is Wallace Quarterman in and through the state of Georgia. [*brief pause in the recording— interview resumes in the middle of conversation*] Morning I was toting in breakfast in the house.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Yeah.

Wallace Quarterman: And the, the, the big gun shot—

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Uh huh.

Wallace Quarterman: —suppose to have.

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Yes.

Wallace Quarterman: The big gun shot so I buy a ??? take back within the house. The overseer ask me: "What is that, if that is thunder?" I tell him I don't know. I know what the Yankees. [*background noise*] I'm sorry.

Alan Lomax: That's all right.

Wallace Quarterman: Three time and he commence to shoot until the plate commence to rattle on the table. And he call me and told me to run down in the field and tell Peter to turn the people loose, that the Yankee coming. And so I run down in the field and, and whooped and holler, they done, he done told them Mr. [Gaeggles (?)] said turn the people loose because the Yankee coming.

Alan Lomax: And who was Peter?

Wallace Quarterman: The driver. And so he said that, uh, Wallace is lying if he, he said so, then he said so, then the Yankee [beat to the landing the drum (?)]. You understand? [*starts to recite*] *Way*

*Down South* getting mighty poor. Say they, used to drink coffee but now they drinking rye. They said, left [music Union Band (?)] make the rebel understand. To leave our land for the sake of Uncle Sam. Way down South getting might poor. Shot at the wildcat and see the Rebel run. I ain't going [anywhere them see me (?)] again. I've been to war already I—

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: ???

Wallace Quarterman: Yeah, yeah. And that, the people then throws away their hoe then. They throwed away they hoe, and, and they call we all up, you know and, and give we all freedom because we are just as much as free as them. Now you understand. But the Yankees saying we must go back to the South they'll help we. Well they didn't. Of course there was so much doubt, and [it seems to me (?)] I, they would have done more, but it so much doubt in the way. They couldn't because the colored people sure [been (?)] poor, and some white people sure [went (?)] poor too. You understand and they rather help them than, uh, help we. I satisfied so far, for the Lord has done for me, I come through, through all the, been up and downs through the ??? .

Unidentified Woman Interviewer: Well tell me about how they went to Hawkinsville and drove the sword down in the ground?

Wallace Quarterman: They told them, said now you—

Alan Lomax: ??? . [*conversation trails off*]

**END OF SIDE A**